Our Little Secret

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/34081444.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Other
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Polar (2019), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Will Graham/Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser
Characters:	Will Graham, Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser, Vivian
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - High School, Angst, Hurt/Comfort, Underage Smoking, Underage Drinking, Recreational Drug Use, Genderfluid Character, Duncan POV
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Two Loners and a Baby
Stats:	Published: 2021-09-25 Words: 3,519 Chapters: 1/1

Our Little Secret

by transcryptidone

Summary

“There will be a party at my house tonight," Duncan states. "If you sneak in through the window, no one will know you’re there.”

Will turns their face towards him just enough so that he can see how they raise a curious brow. “Don’t people usually sneak out through a window to show up to a party?”

Duncan hums short and quick like a laugh. “Probably.”

Will licks across their lips and asks, “Is it correct to assume that you’re planning on kissing me at that party?”

“Not planning,” Duncan states. “Considering.”

“I’ll consider it too,” Will agrees, the nod of their head making the hair swing and brush against their shoulders. “You’ll know what I decide.”

--
The origin of our pair of loners 🖤

Notes

Written as a monthly prompt fill. Prompts are submitted here.

It's only his second cigarette of the day. That's pretty good by his standards. Just one before first period and now another during lunch. That healthy choice – relatively speaking – wasn't really a choice he made on purpose. Duncan had groaned this morning when he woke up to only one left in the pack. When the bell rang to signal the end of his last class before lunch, he'd snuck his way to his car and off school property to stop at the gas station down the road that's probably been kept in business by high school chain smokers.

He sits up on top of the bleachers instead of underneath them. He doesn't feel like spending all of lunch on his feet and he's not so stubborn that he insists on sitting on the ground. There's no worry about a teacher finding him. If he gets sent to the principal's office, so be it. Vivian has said before that she considers any public school principal to be very much *bribable.* He wouldn't be surprised if she'd slipped in a little extra cash to cover the smoking when she made sure no teacher would ask Duncan for a signature on a permission slip.

It's still not quite the right weather to encourage his schoolmates to seek out the sun and stretch their legs outside. There have been a few warm days to tease at the prospect, but warm weather has been snatched away again for a little while. That doesn't seem to bother the shadow that crosses the field. Their shoulders are hunched forward enough to make them seem like barely more than a black blob with chunky black boots.

Duncan pulls in a drag of his cigarette for long enough to nearly choke himself with the smoke and burn down to the butt. He holds the smoke in his lungs for just a little while before letting it out in a cloud that gets swept away with the wind. The gust of air might find its way directly to the wandering silhouette; at least, it seems that way when they so suddenly look so directly at him. Their dark hair sways with the turn of their chin. Though they tuck as much as they can behind their ears, the curls have already fallen around their face again by the time they've reached the first row of the bleachers.

The thick heels of their black boots make the seat planks rattle as they climb and the tears in their black jeans might tear a bit wider with the bend of their knees. Duncan could already see the skin that peeks out through the tear; as the tear widens, he can see the finer details too – like the fishnet tights underneath. While Duncan is afforded a closer look at them, they tuck their hair behind their ear again and he can see the red tint on their lips that stands out against their pale skin.

"Care to share?" they ask with a tilt of those lips and the raise of one brow as they glance at the pack of smokes left sitting on the bench.

"Sure."

Duncan slips one cig from the pack and keeps it perched in between his fingers as he offers it to his companion. Instead of reaching out with their hand, they duck their head to catch the butt of the cigarette between their lips. They raise their chin again to let him flick the lighter, pursing their lips and hollowing their cheeks ever so slightly as they encourage the flame to catch. The end of the cigarette glows bright orange still as they lean back and take a drag.

They blow out the smoke in a steady stream and tap the ash onto the bleachers without a care. They look at him out of the corner of their eye as they say, “Thanks.”

Duncan hums. “Don’t mention it.”

“Our little secret,” they say with a laugh that then catches a little against the scratchiness of their throat and has them coughing into their sleeve. They hold out the cigarette towards him and he figures he might as well take it, so he does. They watch him smoke and ask, “Shouldn’t you be eating lunch?”

“Shouldn’t you?”

They squint out towards the trees that line the distance at the edge of the school property line. Their nose wrinkles as they frown and remark, “Pizza Day in a high school cafeteria always seems like an insult to pizza.”

Duncan chuckles and nods. That’s true. The rectangles cut from a slab and slapped down onto a plastic tray don’t quite feel the same and barely really taste much like pizza should. When Duncan silently offers the cigarette to them, they take it back and bring it to their lips with such ease that you’d never think they’d coughed. There’s a certain certainty to the way they face the world with a wrinkle in their brow and an inhale of smoke.

“The last school I went to ended up being in a pretty good district somehow,” they say, smirking more and more until the edge of their white, perfectly aligned teeth glints beyond the red of their lipstick. “The mac and cheese was actually kind of delicious.”

Duncan pulls the sandwich from his jacket pocket. He’d bought it from the gas station so that they could pretend they sold him something legal. He holds it out almost the same way he’d held out the cigarette. “Here.”

Their smirk becomes more of a smile as they tease, “If you’ve got a drink hidden on you, you’ll be a one-stop-shop.”

Duncan fishes the can from his other pocket and they laugh when they see it. As he pops open the soda can, his companion unwraps the sandwich from the layers of plastic wrap and offer half of it back to him. They each take a bite of their halves of the sandwich and Duncan takes a swig of the drink before passing it along.

“I’d ask if you minded sharing my cooties,” they suggest as they bring the drink towards their lips. “But it’s maybe too late for that.”

Duncan hums. “I don’t mind.”

They huff a laugh, take a sip, and then set aside the can as they ask, “What’s your name?”

“Duncan.”

“Well, *Duncan,”* they say. “This might be the nicest *Welcome to the Neighborhood* I’ve ever

gotten."

"That's sad," Duncan remarks and smiles ever so slightly.

"Yeah, it is," they agree with a laugh. "I'm Will. Just by the way."

"Nice to meet you," Duncan says as he reaches out his hand – maybe because that's what he's supposed to do, maybe not. Maybe it's because part of him likes the idea of Will reaching out too.

Will smiles at him as if pleasantly surprised as their fingers curl into a solid handshake. Their hands are a bit rougher than Duncan might have expected. He might have imagined regular manicures with black, coffin-shaped nails. Instead, Will has slight callouses and the backs of their hands have been dried out by having to scrub away the stain and stink of oil. As they pull their hand away, their nails do drag just a little bit against Duncan's skin and it's enough to make him shiver.

"Nice to meet you."

Will is still smirking slightly as they bring their half of the sandwich to their mouth for a bite. Duncan is too as he does the same. The two of them trade the can of soda back and forth as they eat their lunch until it's empty and they can use it for a makeshift ashtray.

When the bell rings and signals the end of lunch, Duncan is disappointed as he always is. But there's a sense of something else causing some sort of ruckus at the back of his mind. He wouldn't call it panic, but doesn't know what other word to use instead. As Will stands up, all Duncan knows is that he wishes he could hold onto their hand again. He already doesn't want them to disappear.

"Do you want to go to a party?" he asks them, trying to keep his tone as plain as usual. He's had practice in keeping an even tone, but not at a time like this. He stares at his shoes as the two of them descend the stairs.

Will scoffs and the huff of air is strong enough to blow away a few strands of hair. "I'm not really the life of the party."

"Me neither," Duncan agrees. The party itself isn't really the point anyway. "There will be a party at my house tonight. If you sneak in through the window, no one will know you're there."

Will turns their face towards him just enough so that he can see how they raise a curious brow. "Don't people usually *sneak out* through a window to *show up* to a party?"

Duncan hums short and quick like a laugh. "Probably."

Will licks across their lips and asks, "Is it correct to assume that you're planning on kissing me at that party?"

“Not planning,” Duncan states. “Considering.”

“I’ll consider it too,” Will agrees, the nod of their head making the hair swing and brush against their shoulders. “You’ll know what I decide.”

Duncan smiles. “Looking forward to it.”

And Duncan *does* look forward to it – all day, in fact. He might feel that feeling he can’t describe still. It’s as if he’s forgotten something important. The feeling is so strong he feels compelled to reconsider if a quiz or some homework has slipped his mind. But there’s no surprise quiz in his first class after lunch and he has the stapled sheets of graph paper to pass forward when Math homework is being collected.

He’s offered some degree of relief in French class when Will walks in to sit at the front. It’s as he’s staring at the back of their head that he realizes he forgot to give them his address. He tears off a chunk of notebook paper to scribble down his address *and* which window to use. The next time there’s an ask for a volunteer to come up to the board, Duncan raises his hand and ignores the surprise on his teacher’s face. He slides the note onto Will’s desk on the way to the front of the class and sees their wink when he returns to his seat.

What relief that might have given him seems to be fleeting. On the way back to “his” house, he considers that maybe the address wasn’t the only thing he’d forgotten. He thinks about it during the entire drive and still hasn’t figured it out by the time he makes the last turn before the house comes into view. He forces himself to stop thinking about it when he sees Vivian’s car in the driveway. She can’t exactly read minds, but she still somehow seems to know too much and still wants to pry even more out of him.

She’s is sitting on the couch when he walks in the front door, perched there like *she* owns the house instead of Damocles. When she got her six-figure job that she expected to become a seven-figure career, she probably didn’t think she’d be a glorified babysitter. But Vivian seems to know a good deal when she gets one. Keeping track of Duncan is just a stepping stone and she spends so little time actually supervising him, that she has plenty of free time for whatever things she sees fit to spend it on. Might just be more partying, smoking, and drinking just done somewhere else.

“Hello, Duncan,” she says with her usual sort of purr and hint of mockery. She has her hair in blonde waves this time and wears a dress that would suit a young wife and black-widow-to-be. “How was school today?”

“Same as usual,” he lies.

She tsks her tongue at him for misbehaving and makes another mockery of a concerned caregiver as she asks, “Did you make any friends?”

“Would it matter if I did.”

“There have been worries that you might be feeling lonely,” she explains as she sits forward, propping her elbow against her knee and her chin against her closed fist. “That if you don’t

get special attention, you might start *acting out."*

Duncan hums. He doubts Damocles cares if he acts out in the usual sorts of ways. If he were to be arrested, that would be no problem to them. Really, if he landed himself in jail, they'd try to use it as an excuse to withhold what they owe him. They don't care about his self-destruction either. That's just another money-saver as far as they're concerned.

"Should I tell them there's no need to worry?" Vivian asks, raising her brows as if to warn him that there's only one right answer.

Duncan sighs. "You'll tell them what you want."

Vivian shakes her head and rolls her eyes. "Teenage angst sure is a *doozy."*

Duncan hums. "I'm going to my room. Don't bother me until the party is over."

"Pizza's in the kitchen," she says as she shoos him away with the flick of her hand.

Duncan goes when he's dismissed, grabbing one from a mountain of pizza boxes and tucking a couple of soda bottles under his arm. The whiskey is already in his room, as is a microwave he has for precisely this situation. Though most of the time Duncan might have the house to himself, it's times like these when he would rather not have any reason to leave his room.

His bookbag is forgotten by the desk chair and the pizza box can go on the bed while he yanks off his shoes by the door. He drops down onto his mattress, arching his back and extending his arm when he remembers he has to reach for his weed and his booze. The pizza tames the bite from a swig of whiskey and a few puffs from his bowl makes the pizza all the more welcome. Moving between the three almost might start to seem like there's some balance; that seems more and more so as the edges blur and his bed offers some comfort against skin as it sizzles and fizzles.

Duncan can thank his vigilance, for once, when through the buzz of a crossfade he still hears tapping at his window. He throws his legs over the edge of his bed and pops the latch on the window before lifting the pane. He doesn't have any trouble ducking his head out the window. He isn't *that* far gone. He can still see Will perfectly clearly as they stand there waiting for him.

"Hey," he greets and the blush he feels might be bashfulness or booze, but either way it's not strictly speaking *helpful.*

"Hi," Will greets back, smiling at him as they ask, "You going to help me up?"

"Here," Duncan says as he extends his hand out towards Will again.

Though the touch of their hands together might start off as something similar to what it had been earlier in the day, their palms shift and the grip is firmer as Duncan tenses the muscles throughout his arm to help pull Will up and in. It's not the most graceful motion in the world and Will's knees might knock against the ledge but they hardly say a thing about it, only

brushing their fingers across the tears that had already been in their jeans.

As Will scans their eyes around the room, Duncan watches them. Will has their hair up in a bun now, but some of the strands have come loose in the adventure through the window and curl around their face, ears, and neck. Their eyes travel along the details as if they were tracing the ridges of the mountains. When the journey ends on Duncan's bed and the scattered arrangement that Duncan's left there, Will's eyes then flit back towards him.

"You really are a one-stop-shop," Will remarks.

Duncan walks around his bed to take his seat again where he's already comfortably smooshed down a pillow against the headboard. He nods towards the booze, soda, weed, and beer and says, "Feel free to make use of a five-finger discount."

"Thanks," Will says as they climb on the bed to sit beside him.

Despite how tight and unforgiving their pants might seem, Will sits cross-legged while they make their selection, starting first with the whiskey and the weed. Duncan takes the bowl when it's handed off to him, smoke still rising and lipstick left on the glass. The red stains the pad of his thumb as he rubs the lipstick away. He breaths in the rest of the smoke so as to not waste it and watches the way Will bends over to open the pizza box.

"See?" Will says as they select a slice. "*This* is pizza."

Duncan chuckles and barely looks at the pizza as he's been told to. He finds himself stuck on the thought that he wishes he could rub his hand up and down Will's back just to feel it under his palm. When Will rises to put a piece of pizza on a paper plate in the microwave on the desk, Duncan could blame his dreamy gazing on one substance or another. The microwave whirs as Will looks over their shoulder and the look in their eyes tells him he's not getting away with much.

It's hardly silent with the pound of music as Vivian's party is getting into full swing. There's also yelling and shouting as her partygoers compete to drink more and more. There could be strippers out there and Vivian and her friends might be doing body shots for all he knows. It wouldn't be the first time. But there's a quiet in the lull as Will eats their pizza and, really, Duncan prefers that over most things.

After their last bite of pizza is washed down with another swig of an increasingly empty bottle, Will hums and lies back on the bed with their hands folded over their middle. They let their head loll on the pillow to look over at him as they ask, "Can you be seduced with pizza?"

"Maybe."

"Well, maybe it's the pizza, maybe not," Will continues as they turn to brace themself on their elbow. Their eyes scan Duncan's face faster than Duncan might be able to keep up with – and not just because he's drunk or high. There's a keenness to Will's judgment and gaze as they say, "Either way, I did my considering."

Duncan hums and waits, seeing no point in trying to hurry them along.

When Will is finished licking their lips, those lips turn into a smirk as they tilt their head and suggest, “Unless you’ve changed your mind.”

There’s that *feeling* again. Duncan is nearly sure he hasn’t forgotten something, but *still* something seems potentially lost or perhaps about to be. His words come out a bit rougher around the edges and his voice is particularly rasping as he assures, “I haven’t.”

“That’s good,” Will says as they’re already leaning towards him.

They tilt on the tip of their elbow further and further to lean more and more against Duncan’s chest. He catches Will as they fall against him, anchoring his hand on Will’s lower back where his eyes had been trailing and appreciating. The drag of his hand upwards is just as satisfying as he imagined. His nerves seem on edge and particularly attentive to everywhere he and Will might touch.

Will meets his eyes and stays put, no longer flitting from feature to feature to piece it all together. Will looks at him and holds both of their attention at their command. “Just kissing,” they say with their lips so very close to doing just that. “That’s *all* I’ve considered.”

“Okay.”

There’s a flash of a smile before Will closes the distance between them and brings their lips together for the kisses they’d both considered and anticipated with something like bated, smoke-filled breath. Those kisses don’t disappoint. There’s the clumsiness of something new and not yet well-practiced but any bumps along the way are easily smoothed over. Duncan cups his hand at the nape of Will’s neck just below where their hair is being held up and away and uses his hold to keep them close. Will holds just as firmly in the way they grip their fingers in a handful of Duncan’s sweater by his waist.

With each kiss building off the last one and each touch feeling that much better because of the familiarity that comes from the one before it, their bodies move closer and closer until they might be pressed together from their lips down to their ankles. Their feet knock against bottles and a box, but it doesn’t matter and Duncan’s chuckle is barely more than a vibration against their next kiss.

Somewhere along the way, Duncan starts to wonder:

Is it possible to feel lonely and not know it until someone might make him feel less alone?

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!